

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

VOL. XIX.

MARCH, 1911.

No. 10

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second
class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 10.

THE CHARMER	113
THE GRACE IN CHRIST	114
THE STILL HOUR	115
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	116
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:— AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN GIRL	118
NATURAL HISTORY:— THE MAN WITH THE GUN	118
THE FRIENDLY STARS	120
BIOGRAPHY:— CHARLES SUMNER: ANECDOTES AND TRIBUTES	120
HUMANITY TO ANIMALS	120
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	121
ANSON BURLINGAME	121
AMUSEMENT COLUMN	123
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	124
IMPORTANT NOTICES	124

THE CHARMER.

"Socrates.—'However, you and Simmias appear to me as if you wished to sift this subject more thoroughly, and to be afraid, like children, lest, on the soul's departure from the body, winds should blow it away.'

"Upon this Cebes said, 'Endeavor to teach us better, Socrates. . . . Perhaps there is a childish spirit in our breast that has such a dread. Let us endeavor to persuade him not to be afraid of death, as of hobgoblins.'

"'But you must charm him every day,' said Socrates, 'until you have quieted his fears.'

"'But whence, O Socrates,' he said, 'can we procure a skilful charmer for such a case, now you are about to leave us?'

"'Greece is wide, Cebes,' he replied; 'and in it surely there are skilful men, and there are also many barbarous nations, all of which you should search, seeking such a charmer, sparing neither money nor toil, as there is nothing on which you can more reasonably spend your money.'"
(Last conversation of Socrates with his disciples as narrated by Plato in the Phædo.)

"We need that Charmer, for our hearts are sore

With longings for the things that may not be;

Faint for the friends that shall return no more;
Dark with distrust or wrung with agony.

"What is this life? and what to us is death?
Whence came we? whither go? and where
are those

Who, in a moment stricken from our side,
Passed to that land of shadow and repose?

"Are they all dust? and dust must we
become?

Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of time?

"O man divine! on thee our souls have
hung,—

Thou wert our teacher in these questions
high;

But, ah! this day divides thee from our side,
And veils in dust thy kindly guiding eye.

"Where is that Charmer whom thou bidst us
seek?

On what far shores may his sweet voice be
heard?

When shall these questions of our yearning
souls

Be answered by the bright Eternal Word?"

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round,
When Socrates lay calmly down to die;

So spake the sage, prophetic of the hour
When earth's fair morning star should rise
on high.

They found him not, those youths of soul
divine,

Long seeking, wandering, watching on
life's shore:

Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting
as before.

But years passed on; and lo! the Charmer
came,—

Pure, simple, sweet, as comes the silver
dew.

And the world knew him not,—he walked
alone,

Encircled only by his trusting few.

Like the Athenian sage rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom
drew nigh;

He drew his faithful few more closely round,
And told them that *his* hour was come to
die.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then he said:

"My Father's house hath mansions large and fair.

I go before you to prepare a place:

I will return to take you with me there."

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed

And life and death are glorified and fair.

Whither he went we know,—the way we know,—

And with firm step press on to meet him there.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE GRACE IN CHRIST.

1. What was the secret of the grace that was in Christ Jesus? This, as I love to believe, beyond all question: that he rested utterly and without debate in the Fatherhood of God, and was so sure of this that he could say, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me; and I and my Father are one."

Human we are, man and the son of man,—as he loves to say,—bound to bear his own burdens and fight his own battles, to encounter sorrow and frustration, and find his way through the doubts and fears and temptations that come to us all; to ponder the problems of life and death common to all time, and to be aware now and then that what was clear shining as the sun yesterday was to-day black as a starless night. He clings to this as to a sheet anchor bound to hold in any storm,—“I am in the Father, and the Father in me”; giving the word to him, and ordering the work; peopling the loneliness and lighting up the darkness; one with the burden and the bearer, one with fighter and the fight, one with him in his life; and, when death comes on dreadful wings and he feels for a moment he is forsaken, so deep was his trust that he seems to be saying, “Though God forsake me, I will not forsake him.”

2. I notice, again, how a man may tell me Nature has stolen into his heart, and become to him what the sun is to the flower; but, if his words are deaf and dumb and blind as he says them, so that there is no worth in them to me, I have to say he may be mistaken. Or if one say, I have fathomed a new secret of healing human hearts, and I find, on a fair trial, there is no healing in his secret, but only another hurt, the best we can say for such a claim, again, is that the man has mistaken his calling. But, if the seer's vision brings to those who take it into their hearts what is wrought to the seer, or if the healer's claim is made good beyond all question by

his cures, then we have no more to say. Here is the proof with which we cannot tamper, and this is the way I came at the truth for myself touching the secret of the grace that was in Christ Jesus:—

That the first thing to be sure about is not what others may have said, but what he said about the springs of his divine life; and the second is whether those who believe in him and take his truth to their heart find that the Father is one with them also,—one, again, with the burden and the bearer, and one with the fight and the victory; or has the fruitage, in a word, answered to the seed?

And when without giving up his divinity—only his deity—I found I could accept his humanity, and rest on this, and so believe that, as I can grow like him in purity of life and simplicity of faith, I also can say, and with the same assurance, I and my Father are one. And so, through believing in his divine humanity, I came to believe in my own; and, when I grow into his likeness, if that happy day should ever dawn, I shall be able to bear my burdens as he did, fight my battles, master my temptations, and not merely have faith in the blessed life to come, but feel its power and grace right here and now.

So while God is the end to me, his Christ is the way. He is not the substitute, but the Captain; and the grandest thing he can do for me is to help me as no other can I know of to do for myself. He wants no trust in him which does not lead me to God, and to say also, “I and my Father are one.” And I am not a worm to crawl, but a man to stand on my feet; and not abominable by nature in God's sight, needing to be made all over again, but clean and sweet by nature as he was, and as corn blades are in early June; while the new birth I love to speak of now and then is the unfolding of this nature from germ to blade, from blade to ear, and from the ear to the ripened grain, while in this divine fashion he must be born again just as truly as I must, and was so born. And, so surely as I have to do it, he had to keep his life and the fair fruitage of his life clear and clean from the things that blast and wither. Does God dwell in my will, my conscience, my heart, my brain, my hand, my foot, my eye? Is my body the temple of the Holy Ghost? These all are to me what they were to him, and for the same holy purpose,—that I and my Father may be one.

The life he had to live on this earth is mine also. The steadfast stars light up the infinite deeps of heaven, and this world swings through them in the old predestinated order; and the problems are all here for me, as they were for him.

And, as if I should fall back on a soul like Emerson's, if I stood in the presence of Nature and found her haggard on a day, and empty of all grace, that he might help me to the nobler vision and the true, so I come to him, that he may help me when my own vision fails to see God. It is not the mystery that so many would make it, but the simplest and straightest thing I can do. It is just as when we go to our master, and say: I want to paint true pictures or to heal human hurts or to do anything well worth the doing. I think I have some faculty. I know I have a great longing. But you have the secret; and I want to be like you, and will sit at your feet.—*Robert Collyer.*

THE STILL HOUR.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and waited for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion

As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain;
Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding,—not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent,—yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining!
No crushing fate, no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands,
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in thee!

Thy piercèd hand guides the mysterious wheels;

Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;

And, when the dark enigma presses sore,
Thy patient voice says, "Watch with me one hour!"

As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in thee!

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

We speak of the "ministry" of sin, of suffering, of disappointment, of sorrow, and speak truly; but none of these "minister," not one, until they have been mastered. We say, "The Lord hath chastened us": yes, but by summoning us to a wrestle in which it is our part never to let go!

—*W. C. Gannett.*

The soul hath lifted moments
Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways;

And in the sunrise standing,
Our kindling hearts confess
That "no good thing is failure,
No evil thing success."

—*W. C. Gannett.*

PRAYER.

In our sorrow and sadness we look up to thee, O Lord; and when mortal friends fail us, and the urn that held our treasured joys is broken into fragments, we rejoice to know that thou understandest our lot, and wilt make every sorrow of our life turn out for our endless welfare and our continual growth, so that thou wilt take us home to thyself with no stain of weeping on our face. O Lord, when ourselves have been false, when our own hearts cry out against us, and we stain our daily sacrifice with remorseful tears, we rejoice to know that thou art greater than our heart, and wilt bring every wandering child of thine, with no stain of sin, on our immortal soul. Father, we thank thee that amid the joys of the flesh, amid the delights of our daily work, and all the sweet and silent blessedness of mortal friendship and love upon the earth, thou givest us the joy of knowing thee, the still and calm delight of lying low in thy hand, and feeling the breath of thy spirit upon us. Amen.—*Theodore Parker.*

Thou hast made us, O God, for thyself; and our souls are restless till they come to thee.—*Saint Augustine.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

A box of magazines containing several complete sets will be sent on application to Mrs. H. D. Davidson, 10 Chestnut Street, Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. F. A. Dewey, 4 Ehler Dwellings, Toledo, Ohio, offers the *Gartenlaube*.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Sketch Book," Irving; "The Wise Woman," C. L. Burnham; "Ten Dollars Enough"; Mendelssohn's "Letters"; Mendelssohn's "Letters from Italy and Switzerland"; Carlyle's "Heroes in History"; "The Angel of the Covenant"; "Brief Biographies," Smiles; "Public Men of To-day"; "Our Village," Mitford; "Peak and Prairie"; "Life's Aftermath"; "Sport Royal"; "The Prisoner of Zenda," Hope; "Cranford"; "Middlemarch"; "My Prisons," Silvio Pellico; "Lays of Ancient Rome"; "Countess Kate"; "Queechy."

REQUESTS.

1. I am a colored woman, teaching in the South, and am striving to train the girls of my race to be clean, honest, and industrious women, good, capable, trustworthy servants and housekeepers. We colored people have no access to books or magazines, and I can't express to you how I actually *hunger* for the books of the Boston Library and of the Haverhill (Mass.) Public Library, in my native city. First, and above all, I want books that will help me in my life-work,—the uplift of the girls of my race. Books on ethics that will be useful in my morning talks on honesty, truthfulness, industry, etc. I have no special titles of such stories in mind, but there are many. Then the magazines, "The Normal Instructor," "The Primary Teacher," and "Theory and Practice of Domestic Science," "How to Teach

Kitchen Gardening," "Dust and its Dangers," "Cooking and Sewing," are all useful books that I would be grateful for. Miss Forehand, principal of the School of Domestic Science, Berkeley Street, Boston, is my reference. Mrs. Susie A. Houser, 320 McDonough Street, Helena, Arkansas.

2. I enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* received regularly. I wish some one would send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* and any old books that would amuse five children. Mrs. Etta A. Raynor, Speonk, New York, Box 31.

3. Could you send me some reading? We get very lonely these long winter evenings, just my husband and I. I would be glad to get any good books or papers. Mrs. Mary Wilson, Rupert, Arkansas.

4. As we are entering upon a New Year, I wish to again acknowledge the kindness of those in charge of the *Cheerful Letter* who are so faithful in sending me the interesting little visitor. Through the medium of the *Cheerful Letter* I have had the pleasure of several years' correspondence with one of the *Cheerful Letter* friends who has written to me very faithfully. I have at various times received books. I think it is two years since I have sent in a request, but I have wished so often of late for a Bible. I have hoped to see one offered, but have not so far. Thanking you for past favors, Edith Patton, Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania.

5. Mrs. S. R. Chapman will be glad of a letter and any reading. Her address is Washington, Louisiana.

6. Mrs. T. S. Lester, Floyd, Virginia, will appreciate any fashion paper. Mrs. Lester has two small children and does all their sewing. (The *Delineator* has been sent.)

7. I am very weak this winter, and my husband reads to me. We are isolated from neighbors, which makes life hard at times. I should be so glad if some one would send me "Robinson Crusoe" or any of the Log Cabin series. I am one of the prison workers, and take great pleasure in passing on all good reading. Mrs. Ray Cowles, West Derby, Vermont.

8. Mrs. Hortense Burks, Sandidges, Route 2, Box 5, Virginia, asks for "Lewis Rand" or "Aunt Jane of Kentucky."

9. Mr. Joe Johnson, Alpine, Texas, a shut-in and an inveterate reader, will be grateful for any reading.

10. Mrs. Sallie Bryant, Jacksboro, Texas, an invalid, asks for any reading, and will be very glad of a red-letter Bible.

11. Mrs. Mildred Alley, Germantown, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, will appreciate letters and reading. She recently lost her house and its contents by fire.

12. Mrs. Fannie Jenkins, Paxton, Nebraska, asks for reading for herself and two grown sons.

13. Mrs. Ella Hamilton, Charlotte, North Carolina, R. F. D. 11, will appreciate any literature helpful in the bringing up of children. She has a little girl of six in school, and three small boys at home.

14. *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Physical Culture*, or any other magazine, is asked for by Mrs. Ella E. Looper, Granite Falls, North Carolina.

15. Mrs. Helen M. Griffey, Sebeka, Minnesota, will be thankful for letters and reading. Her age keeps her indoors.

16. Mrs. Mary E. Kingman, 116 Silver Street, Dover, New Hampshire, will be more than grateful for letters or reading. She is a shut-in during the cold weather.

17. Mrs. Joanna Crook, Albemarle, North Carolina, asks for reading and cards for her family. She has five children, with no school or Sunday-school advantages. She also asks for the cards to give her neighbor's four little motherless children, the oldest nine and the baby two years. Mrs. Crook would like the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

18. Mrs. Kate Hale, Roxbury, Ohio, R. F. D. 1, Box 54, a shut-in, will be very glad of reading.

19. Mrs. L. Burdick, Packwankee, Wisconsin, a crippled shut-in, asks for any story, papers, or magazines for herself and also reading for her eleven-year-old grandson.

20. Through a friend I am receiving the *Cheerful Letter*. I am so pleased with it. Living in a remote neighborhood, I depend largely on reading for company, as so many lonely farmers' wives do. I would be very proud, indeed, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and any books. Mrs. L. L. Lyon, Whitakers, North Carolina, R. F. D. 4.

21. Mrs. W. P. Chandler, Chatham, New Hampshire, is very grateful to the Watertown friends and will be only too glad to receive good reading at any time.

22. "St. Elmo" is asked for by Mrs. J. D. Jarrette, Preston, Virginia.

23. "To Have and to Hold" or any of Mary Johnston's books will be acceptable to Mrs. Lucy L. Barrett, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

24. It would afford much pleasure and great profit to receive reading from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Frances Clarke, Whistler, Alabama.

25. Mrs. R. C. Dural, Rhoadesville, Virginia, asks for *Modern Priscilla*, *Needlecraft*, or something on crocheting.

26. Mrs. Dora Bryant, Oakland City, Indiana, will appreciate any reading for herself or son just entered high school.

27. *Munsey*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Woman's Home Companion* are asked for by Elizabeth Blair, President, College, Charlotte, North Carolina.

28. Mrs. J. W. Jennings, Spring Garden Street, Greensboro, North Carolina, the mother of nine children (ages not given), will be truly thankful for anything sent.

29. Mrs. H. James, Gideon, North Carolina, will enjoy and appreciate reading.

30. C. A. Bearse, keeper of Straitsmouth Life Saving Station, Rockport, Mass., will be pleased to have letters and reading.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Belle Williamson is now at Texico, New Mexico, Route 3.

Mrs. C. E. Morrison, 813 South Weber Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado, formerly lived at Boulder.

Mrs. Myrtle Rodgers, Columbia Falls, Montana, formerly Wilder.

Mrs. S. E. Allison, 716 South Edith Street, Albuquerque, New Mexico, formerly at Alpine.

Mrs. Sarah Macy, Lake Andes, South Dakota, formerly Bristow, Nebraska.

DIED.

Mr. J. A. Driscoll, of Zillah, Yakima County, Washington.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN GIRL.

There are nearly seven millions of you American girls in your teens in this country to-day. Of course among all those millions there are many thousands who are sweet and bright and well bred. They are all that is most lovely in a world full of lovely things.

But, if numbers are to count, they are no more the typical American girl than a white blackbird is the typical blackbird. Shocking as it sounds,—and is,—you are the type,—you, to whom I want to say plainly that you are being described all over the world as selfish, pert, self-centred—in a word, ill-bred.

Now what are the points on which this opinion is based?

First your voice! Vocally, you are always on the scrimmage line. Europe puts its fingers in its ears when it hears you coming.

You not only talk too loud, you talk too much—or you talk too little. Of course it is impossible to measure out conversation by rule and to say, "Give three teaspoonfuls every fifteen minutes." But, if you cannot watch yourself, just watch your girl friends when they are with older persons. See how many of these girls are openly bored; and how many others talk in a high dogmatic tone, proclaiming their opinions on every possible subject on which they know—or think they know—anything at all, and dismissing the rest with plain indifference.

A man of international reputation, travelled, cultivated, knowing books, art, music, and society, recently told me of meeting a young American girl with whom he had a conversation about a much-discussed exhibition of pictures; that is, it started out to be a conversation, but it soon resolved itself into a monologue by the girl.

The man happened to be a native of the country from which the pictures came. He had made the art of that country a lifelong study. Yet this girl, not half as old and a thousand times less experienced, contradicted his statements, disputed his judgment, and proceeded to lead him—or, rather, to drive him—in the way she thought he should go.

"Of course," the man said in relating the experience, "I simply kept silence and allowed the young person to deliver her extraordinary fund of misinformation without comment."

If your voices were only pleasanter, your manner of speaking less disagreeable and slovenly, the things you say would not sound so hopelessly rude and ill-bred. For in-

stance, I do not join in the sweeping denunciation of slang which is often preached to you. Slang is like certain seasoning. Used with fine discrimination it gives flavor and even distinction; but it takes judgment to give that flavor, and that judgment you do not supply.

But don't think that I, as a woman, am the only one who is saying these things. Men, young and old, are talking about you critically, coldly, in a very different tone from that they once used about you. A man who confesses to a growing dissatisfaction with the twentieth-century brand of American girlhood told me the following incident which happened while he was abroad last summer. It was in an Amsterdam gallery where he had spent a good deal of time studying one particular painting.

During the hour he sat in front of it one morning six American girls at different times wandered through the room, and in the course of their indifferent transit stopped squarely in front of him and took a more or less prolonged survey of the picture he was studying.

"The gallery was almost empty," said the man. "There was ample room for them to see if they had stepped a little to one side, giving me a chance, too. They knew I was studying that canvas, for they looked at me as they came along, and it was my interest in the picture which seemed to rouse their curiosity."

"Yet every one of those six American girls planked herself stolidly in my way without even a glance of apology! Finally a seventh girl came into the room, gradually made her way around to my picture, glanced at me, saw I was studying it, and, with a murmured word of apology, immediately stepped out of my range."

"The one nice American girl to six rude ones!" I sighed.

"Not at all!" he remarked dryly. "She was Dutch."—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

Among my many letters of inquiry about Florida I get occasionally one after this manner: "How is it about shooting there? Have you good fishing, and are there plenty of quails? And how about 'possums?" Others ask in this style, "I do not like hunting, and I don't care to go where the tourists are raging about with guns." I do not hesitate to say that my sympathies are altogether with this latter class. I recognize

the desirability of killing wildcats and foxes, and whatever else will maraud our yards and hen-coops; but, if there is any one person with whom I cannot easily get on, it is the fellow who carries the gun, having no other way for finding pleasure but in killing something. At every corner of our property—and we own over two hundred acres—there are signs well posted, "NO SHOOTING HERE." In spite of this an occasional Northerner manages to flush our bob-whites with his dog, shoot them in the air, while the dogs take them off our property.

I had the same difficulty at my Northern home, but at last so overcame the surroundings as to make it a surely safe residence for birds, until even the Wilson's thrush and the wood thrush have come and nested near my door. They sing as freely while I am in close proximity as they used to sing in the edge of the forest. I hold this to be the true way of living with our feathered friends. They should know that our homesteads are absolutely safe, and that they are welcome to as much food as they need for sustenance. The ordinary hunter calls himself a sportsman: granting him even that title, it is an insignificant designation for a worth-the-while man. The best he can say for himself is that he lives for sport. I cannot understand how any one can find pleasure in giving pain or in unnecessarily destroying life. If my sympathies go a little too strongly toward my Uncle Toby, I would rather be accused of that sort of weakness than to be known as finding pleasure in the death of a bird or squirrel.

This is not to tell the whole story; for with few exceptions those tourists who come here to hunt and kill are not valuable citizens at home, but are the vagabondish loaferage, not trained to work, and shirking what they are compelled to do for a living. This description covers a large proportion of those who annoy us. A few shoulder the gun for health, but it is not certain that they would not regain health more rapidly with the hoe, or at least putting themselves in closer contact with Nature as botanists or entomologists.

I am strongly impressed with the conviction that our schools, instead of training in rifle practice, as Mr. Roosevelt requested, should teach the young people these three lessons: (1) It is unmanly to find our pleasure in the pain of any living creature. This lesson should be enforced by showing how immensely our pleasure may be increased by living generously and sympathetically with the world about us. (2) That no one should allow himself to find his pleasure in

spoiling the pleasure of other people. I think that among the residents around Lake Lucy not one enjoys hunting, and for the most part we are endeavoring to create a paradise especially for the birds; yet a single sportsman, keeping just inside the law, will not hesitate to spoil our pleasure and counteract our aims. (3) Every American boy should understand, and it should be taught him by the schools, that farming and gardening are absolutely dependent for success upon establishing alliance with what are called dumb creatures. They are not dumb, but very eloquent; and never so eloquent as when pleading for their lives with some lout who is pursuing them from tree to tree, with no other end in view but the delight of killing. These three lessons, well instilled, would make a braver and nobler race of men.

Florida is not Africa, and we have no room here for even ex-presidents to teach our boys to hunt and kill. Already Americans have obliterated millions of buffaloes and everything else that should have been conserved, to furnish food indefinitely for a growing population. Our streams have been emptied of another class of food, which was of immense importance. Now let us have a clear understanding of the fact that, boycott or no boycott, we have got to reverse our methods if we would feed the population of another century. We must restock our streams, and, if the meat supply is to be adequate, we have got to learn how to find our pleasure in some other way than in shooting down, for pleasure, our reserves. The way out of our difficulty is already taxing the wisest counsellors. It is peculiarly painful to know that we have to watch, with the most earnest determination, to save the last of the beautiful egrets, that once were more common in this State than robins are in New York. Law has stepped in just in time to prevent their absolute obliteration. Here again the schools must take up the problem, and teach our girls the shame of adorning themselves at such an expense. I see once in a while an egret about my lake, and we are endeavoring to make the conditions such that this beautiful creature shall be able to multiply as freely as formerly.

This is my answer to those who write about Florida as a winter home. Do not come here with the expectation of indulging yourselves at the cost of the beautiful and the natural. It is a glorious State, and full of promise for those who seek health, comfort, and wealth. Roses are full of buds and bloom on my lawns in February, and

they are clambering my porches with hand-fuls of promise. Orange-trees are still full of golden balls, some of them I am sorry to say unfitted by the frost for market. Mulberries are in blossom, glowworms light up the evening, and the birds are beginning to mate. The razorback has been abolished by law, and the range cattle do not put in an appearance after we have built our fences. All winter the bees store honey and the hens lay their eggs. January is like a Northern April, and February is full of garden stuff, with pineapples, loquats, and whatever else can be asked for in the orchard. Great cauliflowers can be cut from the vegetable rows, and golden carrots can be pulled. It is a curious sort of life, where the seasons get so mixed up that you can hardly tell summer from winter. But to-day, March 1, is to me most beautiful, because it limits the murderous propensities of the man with the gun. To-morrow bob-white, who somehow finds it out, will bring his brood from covert, and then we shall be waked in the morning with "bob-white! bob-white!" at our very doors.—*E. P. Powell.*

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

MARCH: SIRIUS.

Sirius is called the Dog Star, because it is the chief star in the constellation of the Great Dog, which follows the heels of Orion in his journey across the skies.

When Sirius is on the meridian, or at the highest point in its diurnal course from rising to setting, it is only about one-third of the way up to the zenith.

We begin to look for Sirius in the evening sky about the middle of November, at which time it rises about ten o'clock. No less than ten of our brightest fifteen stars are in view when the dazzling face of Sirius appears. On the eastern side of the heavens are golden Capella, rose-tinted Aldebaran, red-faced Betelgeuse, fair Rigel, the gentle Pollux, and Procyon, the smaller Dog Star, all fresh and joyous and eager. In the south-west is Fomalhaut, serene and indifferent. In the west is Altair, just waiting above the horizon to witness the event, and then drop out of sight. In the north-east are Vega and Deneb, bright and gay and twinkling, with almost as many hues as Sirius himself.

On Christmas evening Sirius becomes visible a little after seven, and on the 28th of January it rises about as the sun sets. But it is never more attractive than during March and April. It is at its highest during the early evening.

Sirius is one of the stars that we know to be comparatively near to us. Light travels from it to us in about eight years and a half.

The other Dog Star, Procyon, lies in the constellation of the Little Dog, Canis minor. Procyon, Sirius, and Betelgeuse are at the angles of an almost equal-sided triangle, and the same three stars form with Rigel a figure that is almost a square.—*The Friendly Stars.*

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES SUMNER: ANECDOTES AND TRIBUTES.

A young girl, a graduate of the Bowdoin School, told of Sumner's kindness to her mother and grandmother. The grandmother, a former slave, had seen her husband and four sons go to the war. The husband died in Texas. The widow, unable to read and write, had great difficulty in getting her pension. One only of her ten children had come north to Boston—the speaker's mother, then a girl of eighteen. This girl ventured to write to Sumner about her mother's case. She got no answer for three weeks, and sadly concluded that he cared no more than others for the troubles of poor people. Then she received a letter from Sumner, saying that he had secured her mother's pension, and she would get it regularly thereafter. The old woman, who had been paying lawyers in vain, asked what she was to pay him. He wrote back, in substance: "When an eighteen-year-old girl who does not know me has enough trust in me to write to me to help her, I want no other pay." He added that a mother of ten children who had the courage to send her husband and her four eldest sons to fight for freedom deserved all that could be done for her. There are now seventy-two descendants of that old slave woman, and at all their family reunions for years these letters from Sumner have been religiously read.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

In connection with the recent centennial observance of the birth of Charles Sumner it is interesting to recall that the distinguished statesman was a champion of the rights of animals. The following editorial, entitled "The United States Senate," is from *Our Dumb Animals* for May, 1870:—

"Mr. Sumner recently offered a resolution, instructing the Committee on Agriculture to inquire what legislation was necessary to provide for the proper transportation of cattle on railroads in the United States, so as to provide them with sufficient water, space, and ventilation.

"Mr. Sumner stated that he had received a letter from the secretary of an agricultural society, giving such an account of the barbarities practised upon cattle in being transported from the West to the East as he had no idea of. The horrors of the passage on these cattle trains had no parallel in the middle passage of any slave-ships. The wholesale inhumanities visited upon these unoffending brute beasts were fearful, and the consequence upon the public health by having these diseased cattle thrown upon the market were disastrous.

"The resolution was then adopted."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

In 1856 after the assault in the Senate.

"The outrage is the more shocking from the singularly pure character of its victims. Mr. Sumner's position is exceptional in its honor. He had not taken his degrees in the caucus and in hack politics. It is notorious that, in the long time when his election was pending, he refused to take a single step to secure it. He would not so much as go up to the White House to shake hands with this or that person whose good will was reckoned important by his friends. He was elected. It was a homage to character and talent. In Congress he did not rush into party position. He sat long silent and studious. His friends, I remember, were told that they would find Sumner a man of the world, like the rest: 'Tis quite impossible to be at Washington and not bend. He will bend as the rest have done.' Well, he did not bend. He took his position and kept it. He meekly bore the cold shoulder from some of his New England Colleagues, the hatred of his enemies, the pity of the indifferent, cheered by the love and respect of good men with whom he acted, and has stood for the North, a little in advance of all the North, and therefore without adequate support. He has never faltered in his maintenance of justice and freedom. He has gone beyond the large expectation of his friends in his increasing ability and his manlier tone.

"I have heard that some of his political friends tax him with indolence or negligence in refusing to make electioneering speeches, or otherwise to bear his part in the labor which party organization requires. I say it to his honor. But more to his honor are the faults which his enemies lay to his charge. I think, sir, if Mr. Sumner had any vices, we should be likely to hear of them. They have fastened their eyes like microscopes, now for five years, on every act, word, manner, and movement, to find a flaw, and with what result? His opponents

accuse him neither of drunkenness, nor debauchery, nor job, nor speculation, nor rapacity, nor personal aims of any kind. No; but with what? Why, beyond this charge, which it is impossible was ever sincerely made, that he broke over the proprieties of debate, I find him accused of publishing his opinion of the Nebraska conspiracy in a letter to the people of the United States, with discourtesy. Then, that he is an Abolitionist, as if every sane human being were not an Abolitionist, or a believer that all men should be free. And the third crime he stands charged with is that his speeches were written before they were spoken, which, of course, must be true in Sumner's case,—as it was true of Webster, of Adams, of Calhoun, of Burke, of Chatham, of Demosthenes, of every first-rate speaker that ever lived. It is the high compliment he pays to the intelligence of the Senate and of the country. When the same reproach was cast upon the first orator of ancient times by some caviller of his day, he said, 'I should be ashamed to come with one unconsidered word before such an assembly.'

"Mr. Chairman, when I think of these most small faults, as the worst which party hatred could allege, I think I may borrow the language which Bishop Burnet applied to Sir Isaac Newton, and say, that Charles Sumner 'has the whitest soul I ever knew.'

"Let him hear that every man of worth in New England loves his virtues, that every mother thinks of him as the protector of families, that every friend of freedom thinks him a friend of freedom; and, if our arms at this distance cannot defend him from assassins, we confide the defence of a life so precious to all honorable men and true patriots, and to the Almighty Maker of men."

ANSON BURLINGAME.

In the House of Representatives, June 21, 1856.

"On the 19th of May it was announced that Mr. Sumner would address the Senate upon the Kansas question. The floor of the Senate, the galleries, and avenues leading thereto, were thronged with an expectant audience; and many of us left our places in this House to hear the Massachusetts orator. To say that we were delighted with the speech we heard would but faintly express the deep emotions of our hearts awakened by it. I need not speak of the classic purity of its language, nor of the nobility of its sentiments. It was heard by many, it has been read by millions. There has been no such speech made in the Senate since the days when those Titans of Ameri-

can eloquence, the Websters and the Haynes, contended with each other for mastery.

"It was severe because it was launched against tyranny. It was severe as Chatham was severe, when he defended the feeble colonies against the giant oppression of the mother country. It was made in the face of a hostile Senate. It continued through the greater portion of two days; and yet, during that time, the speaker was not once called to order. This fact is conclusive as to the personal and parliamentary decorum of the speech. He had provocation enough. His State had been called 'hypocritical.' He himself had been called 'a puppy,' 'a fool,' 'a fanatic,' and 'a dishonest man.' Yet he was parliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. No man knew better than he did the proprieties of the place, for he had always observed them. No man knew better than he did parliamentary law, because he had made it the study of his life. No man saw more clearly than he did the flaming sword of the Constitution turning every way, guarding all the avenues of the Senate. But he was not thinking of these things: he was not thinking then of the privileges of the Senate nor of the guarantees of the Constitution. He was there to denounce tyranny and crime, and he did it. He was there to speak for the rights of an empire, and he did it bravely and grandly.

"So much for the occasion of the speech. A word, and I shall be pardoned, about the speaker himself. He is my friend: for many and many a year I have looked to him for guidance and light, and I never looked in vain. He never had a personal enemy in his life; his character is as pure as the snow that falls on his native hills; his heart overflows with kindness for every being having the upright form of man; he is a ripe scholar, a chivalric gentleman, and a warm-hearted, true friend. He sat at the feet of Channing, and drank in the sentiments of that noble soul. He bathed in the learning and undying love of the great jurist, Story; and the hand of Jackson, with its honors and its offices, sought him early in life, but he shrank from them with instinctive modesty. Sir, he is the pride of Massachusetts. His mother Commonwealth found him adorning the highest walks of literature and law, and she bade him go and grace somewhat the rough character of political life. The people of Massachusetts—the old, and the young, and the middle-aged—now pay their full homage to the beauty of his public and private character. Such is Charles Sumner."

"Last week Friday was observed as the centenary anniversary of the birth of Charles Sumner. Just before sunrise, as a great wave of rosy light spread and deepened in the eastern sky, a little group of colored persons gathered at his grave in Mount Auburn. One of the number prayed, another sang a hymn of praise, another stepped silently forward and placed a wreath before the monument that marks the spot. No services could have been more simple; and yet they were so impressive in their genuineness of feeling that a spectator who had not thought to be thus moved suddenly found his eyes brimmed over with unexpected tears."—*The Christian Register*, Jan. 12, 1911.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1862.

"In looking over the speeches and newspapers of his active opponents, it really seems to me that, if ever a man was hated and condemned for his very virtues, it is this man. Nobody accuses him of making use of his high position for his own personal emolument; no shadow of suspicion rests upon the purity of his private or public character; no man can point to an instance in which he has neglected any duty properly devolving upon him; no interest of his State has been forgotten or overlooked; no citizen has appealed to him in vain for kindly offices and courteous hearing and attention. As Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, his industry and ability have never been denied by his bitterest enemies. All admit that he has rendered important service to his government. What, then, is his crime? Simply and solely this: that he stands inflexibly by his principles; that he is too hearty in his hatred of the monstrous wrong which initiated and still sustains the present Rebellion; that in advance of his contemporaries he saw the danger and proclaimed it; that he heartily sustains the President in his Proclamation; that he is in favor of destroying the guilty cause of our national calamities, that red-handed murderer and traitor against whom the sighs and groans of Massachusetts wives and mothers, weeping in every town and hamlet for dear ones who are not, are rising in swift witness to God.

"This is his crime, his real offence, in the eyes of his leading opponents. I know it has been said that he is too much a man of ideas and not a statesman. That he is not a politician in the modern sense of the word, I admit; and, if indirection, trickery, and the habit of looking upon men, parties, and principles as mere stock in trade and tools of convenience are the qualifications of statecraft, then he is not a statesman. But,

if a thorough comprehension of the great principles of law and political economy, of all which constitutes the true honor and glory and prosperity of a people, if the will and ability to master every question as it arises, if entire familiarity with the history, resources, laws, and policy of other nations, derived not merely from the study of books, but from free personal intercourse with the leading minds of Europe, are essential requisites of statesmanship, then is Charles Sumner a statesman in the noblest and truest sense. Certain it is that he is so regarded by the diplomatic representatives of European nations, and that no man in the country has so entirely the confidence and esteem of all who are really our friends in the Old World."

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In art, but not in picture.
In net, but not in trap.
In dale, but not in valley.
In ride, but not in walk.
In east, but not in north.
In war, but not in peace.
My *whole* is a governor of Massachusetts.

II.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the thirteen sentences below appear as many words (one word in each sentence), which, if found and written, one below the other, their initials will spell the name of a United States Senator from Massachusetts.

1. General Davis had command at the fort.
2. The animals gave the children lots of pleasure.
3. The meeting was very noisy.
4. The race was very close.
5. Each soldier has his own tent.
6. The lion is found in Africa.
7. The war lasted a few months.
8. Easter comes very late this year.
9. The boat went ashore on Long Island.
10. John was seen at the theatre.
11. The two deer were lost near the bridge.
12. Everything was in its place.
13. The rain continued all night.

III.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

10, 15, 8, 14 3, 1, 18, 22, 5, 18, a governor of the Plymouth Colony.

10, 15, 8, 14 23, 9, 14, 20, 8, 18, 15, 16, a governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

18, 21, 6, 21, 19 3, 8, 15, 1, 20, 5, a United States Senator from Massachusetts.

15, 12, 9, 22, 5, 18 15, 20, 9, 19 8, 15, 23, 1, 18, 4, an American general.

1, 4, 12, 1, 9 5 19, 20, 5, 22, 5, 14, 19, 15, 14, a Vice-president of the United States.

IV.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Weird concocter.
2. Bitterly abased.
3. Masterful leader.
4. Uncommon skilful general.
5. Creations disturber.

V.

HIDDEN NAMES OF BIBLE WOMEN.

1. We were in the mart half an hour.
2. We sang every day.
3. That line would mar your picture.
4. They can name the child.
5. Willie did not tell the truth.
6. This was in his early diary.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

Answers to puzzles in the February number.

I. ACROSTIC.

SALISBURY
STEVENSON
CHAMPLAIN
FERDINAND
ELIZABETH
TELESCOPE
JOHNSTOWN
ROSECRANS
DINWIDDIE

II. SUGGESTIONS.—1. Eve, Paris, William Tell, Sir Isaac Newton. 2. Aladdin. 3. Hercules. 4. David. 5. Samson, Absalom.

III. HEROES AND HEROINES.—1. Three Feathers. 2. Pride and Prejudice. 3. The Caged Lion. 4. Under Two Flags. 5. Magnetic North. 6. Merchant of Venice.

IV. ENDLESS CHAIN.—1. Nectar. 2. Arabic. 3. Icicle. 4. Lenten. 5. Entire. 6. Rebuke. 7. Kennel.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books, and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will take place on Friday, March 3, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The *Home Study Work* of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.